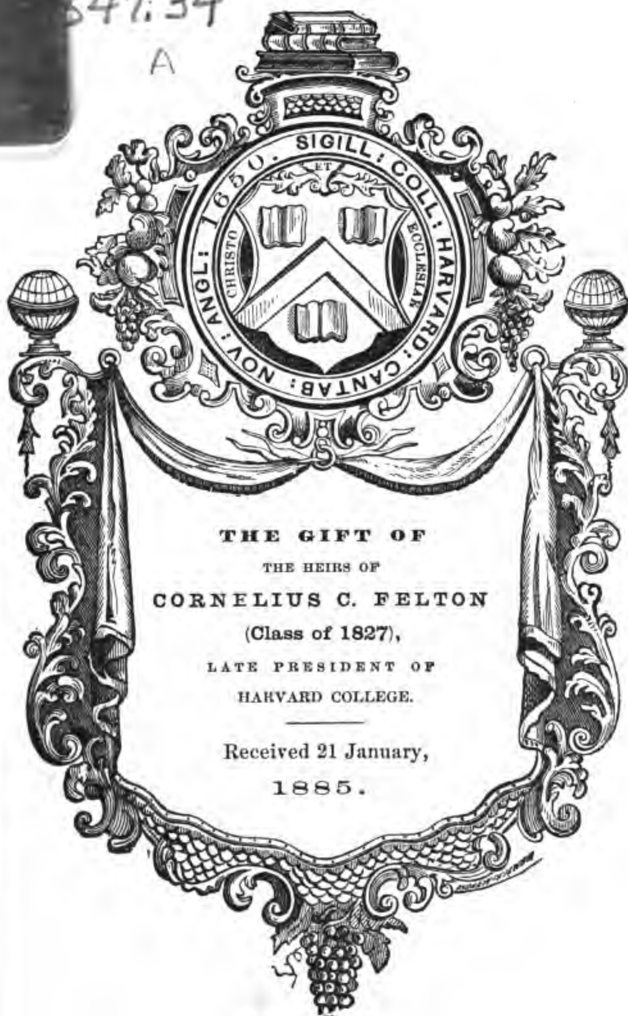




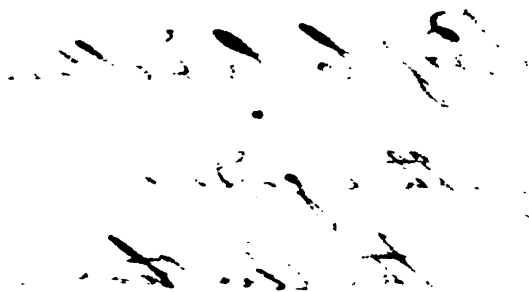


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Prof. C. C. Felton

with regards of

the Author.



ECHOES:

OR

LEISURE HOURS

WITH THE

GERMAN POETS.

Asahel Clark BY

A. C. KENDRICK.

ROCHESTER:
WILLIAM N. SAGE.
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TO MY BROTHERS.

PREFACE.

The following translations are simply what they profess to be, the fruit of a few occasional hours of literary recreation. Some of them have already appeared in the columns of Literary Journals: others see the light for the first time. The Translator has aimed to unite fidelity to his author with the freedom and flow of original composition. Of his success in the former of these objects he feels tolerably confident; in regard to the latter, the English reader will be a competent judge. The volume comprises a few poems from the French;

yet it was not thought worth while to encumber the title page by a reference to these.

With these remarks the writer commits his little book to the public. He casts it on the waters to "sink or swim." If it swims, it will hardly attract the notice of the larger craft that navigate the high seas of literature; if it sinks, it will not add much bulk to the numerous wrecks which those seas engulf. For the sake especially of his Publisher, who has generously assumed the risk of its safe conduct over the waters, he hopes it will 'swim.'

A. C. K.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER,
December, 1854.

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WITH THE

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SCHILLER.

SCHILLER.

THE PILGRIM.

Life still spread her spring-like glances
  Round me, and I wandered forth,
Leaving childhood's frolic dances
  At my father's happy hearth.

All my birthright, all my treasures—
  I from all did freely part;
Went, in quest of nobler pleasures,
  Forth with childhood's trusting heart.

For a magic hope enthralled me,
  And a mystic voice had won:
" Wander forth "—'twas thus it called me—
  "Ever toward the rising sun.

" When, at length, a golden portal
  Opes to greet that step of thine,
Shall the earthly and the mortal
  Change to heavenly and divine."

Morn and eve by turns flew by me;
  Never, never stood I still;
Yet, alas! for ever fly me
  What I seek, and what I will.

Mountains reared their crests before me;
  Rivers hemmed my pilgrim path:
O'er the steeps rude pathways bore me;
  Bridges quelled the torrent's wrath.

And at length my footsteps drew me
  Where a river Eastward flowed:
Fearless on its breast I threw me,
  Joyful on its billows rode;

And, swept on without resistance,
  Saw at last before me roll
Ocean in the boundless distance,
  And *beyond*, the fleeting goal.

Ah, no path will thither guide me:
  Ah, from Hope's bright visioned sphere
Doth a pathless gulf divide me;
  And the *there* is never *here!*

LONGINGS.

From this vale, with mists hung over,
With eternal storms oppressed,
Could I but a path discover,
Ah, how deeply were I blest!
Clothed in bloom that ne'er shall wither,
Yonder hills allure my eye;
Give me wings, and quickly thither,
O, how quickly would I fly!

There melodious murmurs ringing,
Breathe a deep, a heavenly calm;
And the gentle winds are winging
Richest spices' fragrant balm.
Fruits of golden hue are glowing,
Which the dark green leaves embower;

And the flowers that there are blowing
  Feel no iron Winter's power.

O, how sweet to dwell and wander
  Where the sun-light gushes free!
Balmy airs that wanton yonder,
  O, how soothing must they be!
But before that wondrous dwelling
  Doth this angry torrent roll;
And, in wrathful surges swelling,
  Spreads dismay through all my soul.

Lo! yon rocking bark appearing!
  But, alas! the oarsman fails;
Cheerly in then, never fearing;
  Breath of heaven inspires the sails.
Thou must trust, and *thou* must venture;
  Heaven will pledge no helping hand;
Wondrous might alone can enter
  Into yon bright wonder-land.

CASSANDRA.

TROY'S proud halls with joy were ringing,
Ere her stately ramparts fell:
Festal strains each glad voice singing
With the harp-string's golden swell.
Wearied hosts repose from slaughter;
War no more his carnage spreads;
While with Priam's beauteous daughter
Peleus' son—the godlike—weds.

Crowds on crowds exulting follow,
Crown'd with laurel, to the shrine
Where the Thymbrian Apollo
Sits in majesty divine.
Through the streets tumultuous sweeping,
Wildly on the revelers prest;

And abandoned all to weeping
  Was but one lone, sorrowing breast.

Joyless, e'en where all rejoices,
  Lonely doth Cassandra rove,
Far from pleasure's maddening voices,
  In Apollo's laurel grove;
To the forest's deep recesses
  Fled she from each hated sound;
Tore the fillet from her tresses,
  Dashed it madly to the ground.

"All around me beams with gladness;
  Swells each heart with rapture's tide;
E'en stern age forgets its sadness,
  And my sister's decked a bride.
I alone own grief's dominion;
  No sweet dreams my spirit cheer;
For I see, on spreading pinion,
  Gory Ruin hovering near.

"True, I see the torches gleaming;—
  But not borne in Hymen's hand;

High toward heaven the splendor streaming—
  'Tis not from the altar-brand.
Festal board I see them spreading;
  Yet on my foreboding ear
Bursts e'en now the War-God's treading,
  Bringing flight and ruin near.

"And my grief they're all unheeding,
  And my anguish they deride;
Ah, this heart, all torn and bleeding,
  Must I in the desert hide:
While the glad in spirit shun me,
  Mock the woes my fears forebode,
Stern Apollo! why upon me
  Hast thou laid this crushing load?

"Why, thy dark decrees revealing,
  Place me at thy gloomy shrine?
Why, all eyes in blindness sealing,
  Hast thou only opened mine?
Wherefore scenes unfold before me
  Which no human skill can shun?
Fate's dark tide sweeps sternly o'er me;
  What I dread will hasten on.

"Why unveil the impending terror
 To the naked, shuddering eye?
Life, alas, consists in error,
 And to *know* is but to *die.*
Take, O take these dreadful visions;
 Take these bloody sights away!
Frightful is it—Heaven's omniscience
 Lodged in a frail child of clay!

"Give back youth's unthinking gladness;
 Hope's fond dreams again be mine;
Only breathe I strains of sadness,
 Since my voice but echoes thine.
O'er my soul the *future* glances,
 Yet it clouds each *present* hour;
No fond vision round me dances,—
 Take again thy faithless dower.

"Never since I first attended
 Priestess at thy joyless shrine,
With my fragrant tresses blended,
 Doth the bridal garland shine.
All my childhood was but sorrow;
 E'en my youth in woe would melt;

My quick heart would anguish borrow
From the pangs each loved one felt.

"Those with whom in life I started
Live and love with spirits glad;
All around are joyous hearted;
My dark soul alone is sad.
Spring in vain to me returning
Spreads its warm and mantling glow;
What to him life's bright adorning
Who has pierced its hidden woe?

"Beauteous sister! happy maiden!
Who in love's warm visions blest,
Dreams her chief, with honors laden,
Soon shall in her arms be prest.
High with joy her heart is swelling;
Triumph sits upon her brow;
Ye in bright Olympus dwelling
Scarcely doth she envy now.

"Him have I too seen before me
Whom this yearning bosom chose:

Seen that noble look implore me,
  Where love's holiest ardor glows.
Ah! that fate no more might sever
  Me from his protecting side!
Nightly yet between us ever
  Doth a Stygian shadow glide.

"All her ghosts from glooms nocturnal
  Proserpine sends forth to day;
Where I wander shades infernal
  Meet my eye, and throng my way.
E'en 'mid childhood's frolic measures
  They their haggard features show;
Blasting all its harmless pleasures:—
  Gladness I may never know!

"Murderous steel's before me burning;
  Murder's eye-balls fiercely glare;
Right and left my footsteps turning,
  Still the terror haunts me there.
Fixed my gaze, though all unwilling:—
  Seeing, dreading, knowing all,
I must on my fate fulfilling,
  In the stranger's land to fall.

"While the Priestess yet is speaking,
Hark! what wildly mingled cries
From yon distant shrine are breaking?
Thetis' god-like offspring dies!
Strife her snaky locks is rearing;
Flee in fright the heavenly powers;
And the thunder clouds careering,
Close o'er Ilium's fated towers!

THE COMPLAINT OF CERES.

Lo, the lovely Spring is spreading
  Bloom and beauty o'er the plains;
Sunny hills are clothed with verdure;
  Streams have burst their icy chains.
From the fountain's crystal mirror
  Laughs the clear, unclouded day;
Softer wave the Zephyr's pinions,
  Buds burst forth on every spray.
Music in the grove awakens;
  And exclaims the Wood-nymph wild,
"Lo, thy flowers again returning,
  But no more returns thy child."

Ah! how long in weary searchings
  Roam I over earth's broad breast!

Titan, all thy radiant splendors
  Sent I forth in eager quest.
None, alas! has borne me tidings
  Of her loved and lovely face:
And the Day that all discloses,
  Of the lost one brings no trace.
Jove, and hast thou torn her from me?
  Ravished by her beauty's glow,
Has the cruel Pluto borne her
  Down where hell's dark waters flow?

Who unto the darksome region
  Shall my sorrow's tidings bear?
Glides the bark o'er Styx' dark waters,
  Yet but shadows enter there.
From each happy eye excluded
  Night's dread realm for aye is veiled;
Nor since flowed the Stygian river,
  Living form hath o'er it sailed.
Downward lead a thousand pathways,
  None leads upward to the day;
None unto the sorrowing mother
  May the daughter's tears convey.

Mothers of the race of Pyrrha,
  Who partake a mortal doom,
Ye the loved and lost may follow
  Through the all devouring tomb.
Only they in high Olympus
  Ne'er approach that gloomy strand;
Only them—the blest Immortals—
  Spares, ye Fates, your iron hand.
Plunge me in hell's deepest caverns,
  From the heaven's golden hall;
What are all the Goddess' honors,
  But the mother's grief and thrall?

Where, enthroned in joyless splendor,
  Sits she her grim Lord beside,
With the light and airy shadows,
  Like a shadow would I glide.
Ah, her eye, suffused with weeping,
  Seeks in vain the distant sphere;
Wanders toward heaven's golden concave,
  Nor beholds her mother near;
Till that Mother's joy reveals her;
  Till they mingle heart with heart;

And from Pluto's flinty bosom
  Tears of soft compassion start!

Empty wish! and fond complainings!
  Tranquil on his course afar,
By the fixed decree of heaven,
  Phœbus rolls his fiery car.
Far from those abodes of darkness
  Hath he turned his head away;
Once conveyed to night's dread empire
  Dwells she there a helpless prey,
Till the waves of hell's dark river
  With Aurora's splendors glow;
And across its dreary concave
  Iris draws her glittering bow.

Is there left no precious token?
  Of that much loved form no trace?
No sweet pledge that hearts, though distant,
  Still are bound in love's embrace?
Are not still the child and mother
  Linked in fond affection's tie?
Binds not love in lasting union
  Those that live and those that die?

No, we are not wholly severed!
  No, she is not wholly fled!
Still the Immortal Powers have granted
  Precious converse with the dead.

When the Spring's sweet offspring perish;
  When, beneath the North's cold breath,
Stript of all their bloom and beauty,
  Leaves and flowerets lie in death;
Then the life and joy of mortals
  From Vertumnus' horn I take,—
Take the harvest's golden kernel,
  And to Styx an offering make;
Sadly in the earth I sink it,
  My sweet daughter's heart above,
That there hence may spring a language
  For my sorrow and my love.

Doth the mystic dance of nature
  Back the vernal season bring,
Then the dead to life and gladness
  In the genial sunshine spring.
Germs that in the earth's cold bosom
  Mouldered 'neath the Winter's sway,

Into realms of light and beauty
  From their prison burst away.
Seeks the stalk the light of heaven,
  Down the root all timid tends;
Earth and Styx to warm and cherish
  Each a kindly influence lends.

Half in Death's cold soil they're nourished,
  Half in Life's glad realms they spring;
Ah, to me from dread Cocytus
  They a joyful message bring.
Holds he still enthralled the loved one
  In his cavern dark and drear,
Yet in every vernal blossom
  I her sweet assurance hear,
That, though far from day's glad empire,
  Where the mournful shadows glide,
Still in bosoms warmly beating
  Flows love's rich and holy tide.]

Offspring of the vernal meadows,
  Thus O let me welcome you!
I will fill your opening chalice
  With the nectar's purest dew.

With the rainbow's loveliest colors
  I your blossoms will adorn;
I will paint your opening petals
  Like the blushing cheek of morn.
In the glowing vernal garland,
  In the seared Autumnal leaf,
So may every tender bosom
  Read my transport and my grief.

THE VICTOR'S BANQUET.

Priam's citadel was sunken,
 Troy in dust and ruin lay;
And the Greeks, with victory drunken,
 Richly laden with their prey,
Sat where Helle's waves were flowing,
 On their ships, along her strand,
Now with gladsome spirits going
 To their beauteous Grecian land.
  Echo forth the joyous strain!
   Where our household altars burn,
   Now our ships their courses turn,
  And we homeward speed again.

In long rows Troy's captive daughters,
 Pale, with loose disheveled hair,

Weeping o'er their country's slaughters,
  Beat their breasts in wild despair.
Mid the festal strain of gladness
  Mingle they their notes of woe;
Telling all their wrongs and sadness
  In their country's overthrow.
    "Fare ye well, ye much-loved places!
      From our sweet and quiet home,
      Following foreign lords we roam;
    Happy they whom death embraces!

Holy Calchas now appeareth,
  Bids the Gods' high offerings blaze;
And to Pallas, who uprearеth
  And o'erthroweth towns he prays;
And to Neptune, who the ocean
  Girdling round the earth hath spread;
And to Jove, war's wild commotion
  Kindling with his ægis dread.
    Years of desperate conflict past,
      Now the mighty strife is done;
      Fate's appointed cycle run;
    Troy's proud bulwarks yield at last.

Atreu's princely son, surveying,
  Counts the remnants of that train,
Who of old his call obeying,
  Mustered on Scamander's plain.
Clouds of deepest anguish lower
  O'er the noble chieftain's brow;
Of the hosts of that proud hour,
  O, how few surveys he now!
    Therefore wake the joyous strain,
      He again who homeward goes,
      He whose life still freshly glows;
    Since not all return again.

"Nor to all thus back returning
  Shall their home its joys afford;
Where their household fires are burning
  Gory Murder whets his sword.
Many, safe from war retiring,
  Fall by treacherous friendship's stroke;"
Pallas thus his soul inspiring,
  Stern Ulysses warning spoke;
    Blest, for whom the Goddess' favor
      Doth all pure his hearth-stone keep;

Woman's wiles are dark and deep,
And the idle changeth ever.

O'er his long-lost Bride recaptured,
O'er the bloom of Helen's charms
Joys the Prince, and all enraptured
Round her twines his glowing arms.
Crime is ever phrenzy-driven;
Vengeance tracks its impious ways;
Since upon the heights of heaven
Right the Eternal counsels sways.
Evil aye in evil endeth;
On the godless race whose guile
Doth the guest-hearth's rites defile,
Jove impartial vengeance sendeth.

"Well the favored 'tis befitting,"
Cries Oileus' valiant son,
"To adore the Rulers sitting
High upon their heavenly throne.
Chance determines fortune's favor,
Chance decides our being's strife:
For Patroclus sleeps for ever,
And Thersites boasts of life.

While all blindly o'er our way
Fortune's gifts are rudely strown,—
Who the prize of life hath won,
Mirth and song be his to-day.

"Yes, rude War the best doth single!
Brother, in the banquet hour
With our songs thy name shall mingle,
Thou who wert our battle tower!
Did fierce flames our fleet beleaguer,
In thine arm deliverance lay:
Yet the crafty, sly Intriguer
Bore the noble prize away.
To thine ashes peace and rest!
No proud victor laid thee low;
Ajax' self was Ajax' foe;—
Passion's rage destroys the best."

Now unto his mighty Father
Neoptolemus pours the wine;
"Of all laurels men may gather,
Noble Sire, the best are thine;
Of all earthly blessings, glory
Kindles most the generous flame:

Earth may shrine us, yet in story
Lives for aye the immortal name.
Valiant one! thy name shall never
Fade from glory's song-lit sky:
For the Living quickly die,
And the Dead—they live for ever."

"Since no voice its accents raises,
Grieving o'er the vanquished man,
I will utter Hector's praises;"—
Thus great Tydeus' son began;
"Thou, thy country's sole protector,
Fighting round her sacred shrine,
Glory's wreath may crown the victor,
The more glorious cause was thine!
He who for his country's shrines
Fighting fell, a tower of flame,
Ev'n on foemen's lips his name
Ever lives and brightly shines."

Pylos' sage, who, old and cheerful,
Through three generations lives,
To Troy's queen, bereaved and tearful,
Now the wreath-crowned goblet gives:

"In this fount of sparkling pleasure
Drown thy sorrow's piercing smart;
Wine has power that knows no measure
To relieve the aching heart.
Drink the draft—when griefs assail us,
Here we drown our deepest smart;
Balsam for the bleeding heart,
Bacchus' gifts will best avail us.

"Niobe, by vengeance blasted,
Stood in utter blight of soul,
Till the vine's rich fruit she tasted,
Drowned her anguish in the bowl.
While this fount of life and gladness
Pours around its foaming beam,
Banished is our bosom's sadness,
Buried deep in Lethe's stream.
While this fount of life and gladness
Doth our lips all freshly lave,
Buried in oblivion's wave,
Banished is the bosom's sadness."

Phœbus now his influence lending,
Slowly see the Priestess rise,

One wild look of anguish sending
  Where Troy's smoking ruin lies.
"Life's a half-extinguished taper;
  All earth's greatness quickly flown,
Fleeting as yon cloud of vapor,
  And the Gods endure alone.
    Round the vessel's trackless way,
      Round the Knight flit care and sorrow;
      Who can tell us of the morrow?
    Let us therefore live to-day!"

HERO AND LEANDER.

SEE ye yonder Towers so hoary,
Frown, in noontide's golden glory,
O'er the wave that foams and swells,
Where the Hellespont is pouring
All his waters, wildly roaring,
Through the rock-girt Dardanelles.
While his waves, with ceaseless thunder,
Breaking on the rocky shore,
Rend two continents asunder,
Love nor heeds nor hears their roar.

Young Leander, beauteous Hero,
Smites he with resistless arrow,
Binds their hearts in sweet embrace:

Hero, fair as Hebe blushing;
He along the mountains rushing,
  Fearless in the stormy chase.
Household feuds divide the lovers;
  Open bliss they may not share;
And affection's sweet hope hovers
  O'er the brink of wild despair.

There where Helle's torrent lashes
Sestos' rocky steep, and dashes
  High its waves of billowy foam;
There sat Beauty's weeping daughter,
Gazing o'er the angry water
  To her lover's distant home.
Ah, no bridge across the surges
  To that shore her steps may bear;
Ah, no boat its pathway urges;
  Yet will Love the passage dare.

Love threads e'en the labyrinth's mazes,
With unfaltering footstep traces
  All its paths of gloom and fear:
Love with mountain beasts contendeth,

'Neath his yoke of adamant bendeth
Colchis' flaming-footed steer.
Not e'en Styx his venturous daring
Can with nine-fold wave repel;
See! his prey triumphant bearing,
Bursts he from the gates of Hell.

Now Leander's soul he fires,
And his dauntless heart inspires
That impetuous tide to brave;
Soon as daylight ceased to glimmer,
Fearless plunged the hardy swimmer
Down into the darkening wave;
Cleaves the tide with arm of power,
Straining toward the distant strand,
Where on Sestos' lonely tower
Blazes high Love's beckoning brand.

Now the weary conflict closes,
And the toil-worn youth reposes
On the pillowing arms of Love;
Blest reward of all his daring,
That unuttered rapture sharing
Which true hearts alone may prove,

Till Aurora o'er the billow
  Rising, breaks his blissful dream;
Drives him from affection's pillow
  To the cold and cheerless stream.

Thus in secret raptures sighing,
Thirty suns went swiftly flying
  O'er the fond and happy pair;
Purest love their only treasure,
Like the bridal eve their pleasure,—
  Pleasure Gods might pine to share.
Ah, to him alone 'tis given
  All the sweets of bliss to tell,
Who has plucked the fruit of Heaven
  From the shuddering brink of Hell.

Eve and morn, by turns advancing,
O'er heaven's arch were fleetly glancing,
  Yet such joys their senses steep,
Marked they not the fading Summer,
Saw not Winter—dreary comer—
  From his northern forests sweep.
Later, Morning opes his portals,
  Earlier, Day withdraws his light;

And they madly thank the Immortals
For the lengthened bliss of Night.

Now when night and day in heaven
Ruled with equal sway, at even
On those rocky turrets bold
Stood the maid, her glances bending
Where the car of Day, descending,
Toward the western billow rolled.
And the sea all still and even,
A transparent mirror slept;
Not the gentlest breath of heaven
O'er its crystal surface swept.

Through the wave of silvery brightness
Dolphins dart in frolic lightness,
Far along the unruffled main;
And from out its depths ascended,
By their sea-born Queen attended,
Thetis' gray and motley train.
Ah, full many a fond vow spoken
Might by them have been revealed;
But in silence still unbroken
Hecate their lips hath sealed.

Now, while blissful dreams steal o'er her,
Thus the sea, that smiled before her,
She in accents bland addrest:
"Surely, bright one, truth beseems thee,
And who false and faithless deems thee,
On his head let curses rest.
Falsehood in man's bosom dwelleth,
Fathers' hearts all ruthless prove;
But thy breast with pity swelleth
For the cureless pangs of love.

"I in dungeon glooms might languish,
Nurse with hopeless tears my anguish,
And in ceaseless sorrow pine;
Thou, though bridge nor boat thou sharest,
On thy breast the loved one bearest
To these waiting arms of mine.
Frightful are thy deep abysses;
Wild and fierce thy billows swell;
Yet will soothe thee love's caresses,
Hero-daring tame thee well.

"For e'en thou, O God of Ocean,
Thou did'st feel love's soft emotion,

Wert with fiery passion torn,
When—the golden fleece her pillow—
Youthful Helle o'er thy billow
In her beauty's bloom was borne.
Ravished by those features fairest,
Spring'st thou from thy gloomy cave,
And the trembling captive bearest
Down into the ocean wave.

"There within those halls of amber,
Ocean's wild and sunless chamber,
Dwells she thine immortal bride:
She thy rising wrath assuages,
And when high the tempest rages,
Doth the laboring vessel guide.
Beauteous Helle! Bright one, hear me!
Goddess blest, to thee I pray;
O, to-night my loved one bear me
Safely on his wonted way!"

Darkly now the waves were flowing,
And she placed the torch-light glowing
High upon that rocky steep,
That its faint, yet welcome glimmer

Seen from far, might guide the swimmer
  Through the drear and pathless deep.
And the sea moans wild and sadly,
  Hoarse the breakers dash from far;
And the storm-clouds, drifting madly,
  Quench in heaven each glimmering star.

Night upon the deep! and gushing
From the clouds, the torrents rushing
  Burst in vengeance on the waves;
Sheeted lightnings blaze o'er ocean,
And the winds in wild commotion
  Howl from all their rocky caves.
Lashed to madness, now to heaven
  Foaming billows toss and swell;
Now they're to the centre riven,
  Yawning like the abyss of Hell.

"Woe is me!" she cries in terror;
"Pity, mighty Jove, my error!
  O, forgive my frantic prayer!
Ah! should Heaven that prayer have granted!
Ah! should he, with soul undaunted,
  Now that fearful passage dare!

Ev'n the storm-nursed sea-birds, shrieking,
Hie them home in rapid flight;
Ev'n the stoutest ships are seeking
Sheltering port this stormy night!

"Sure, Heaven's mightiest God impelling,
Through the storm around him swelling,
Tries he now the oft-tried deep;
'Twas his vow when last we parted,
Love's fond vow, which, faithful hearted,
He unto the death will keep.
Ah! this very hour beholds him
Wrestling with the wrathful storm;
And the rising flood enfolds him,
And engulfs his lifeless form!

"Faithless deep! thy sunny smiling
Was but treachery's false beguiling;
Thou a mirror fair did'st rest;
Happy speed thy smiles assured him,
Till thy faithless calm allured him
Forth upon thy traitorous breast.
Then when on thy bosom floated
Far behind he left the shore,

O'er thy victim's head devoted
  Thou did'st all thy terrors pour."

And more loud the storm is yelling;
Mountain-high the billows swelling
  Break in thunder on the rock;
Ah! those breakers wild, foam-crested,
Not the oak-ribbed ship had breasted,
  And unshattered felt the shock!
Last fond hope of that dread hour,
  Dies the torch's flickering gleam;
Horrors o'er the landing lower;
  Horror broods upon the stream.

And she prays to Aphrodite,
That beneath her mandate mighty
  Ocean's rage may sink to peace:
To the winds rich gifts she offers,
And a gold-horned bullock proffers,
  That their raging blasts may cease.
All the Goddesses of ocean,
  All the Gods on high that reign,
Prays to still the wild commotion,
  Pouring oil upon the main.

"Blest Leucothea, reclining
Where thy sea-green halls are shining,
Hear the anguish stricken maid!
Thou who oft, when storms are drearest,
To the seaman's eye appearest,
And vouchsaf'st thy welcome aid.
Now that holy veil throw o'er him
Which by magic hands was wove:
From that yawning grave restore him
To the warm embrace of love."

And the warring winds are dying,
And the gathered clouds are flying;
Morning's flaming steeds appear:
Sea and sky are warmly glowing,
And in their old pathway flowing,
Shine the waves as crystal clear.
They to gentlest rest subsiding,
Whispering kiss the rocky strand,
And in sportive murmurs gliding,
Waft a corse upon the land.

Ah! 'tis He, in death though sleeping,
Still love's holy promise keeping:—

One swift glance his form betrays;
Not a shriek of anguished feeling!
Not a tear of woe is stealing!
Mute and chill that marble gaze!
One wild look to heaven she raises,
One where ocean rolls in light;
And unearthly lustre blazes
O'er her cheek of ashy white.

"Dreaded Powers! I fall before you!
Lowly prostrate I adore you,
Stern, inexorably severe!
Early I my course have ended;
Yet has richest bliss attended,
And a glorious fate is here.
Venus, Queen of love and beauty,
I in life was ever thine;
And in death my faithful duty
Here I offer at thy shrine."

Then, her eye all wildly gleaming,
From that height, with garments streaming,
Down she plunges in the surge;
Ocean on his breast receives her,

In his caves proud burial gives her,
And his billows chant her dirge.
And exulting in their treasure,
Proudly on his surges sweep,
Poured in never failing measure
From the unfathomable deep.

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

HONORED be woman! to her it is given
To weave with earth's garland the roses of heaven;
  Her's the sweet bond of affection to twine:
She, in the chaste veil her graces concealing,
Kindles each purest and tenderest feeling,
  Nursing love's flame in its holiest shrine.

Ever from Truth's pathway veering
  Man's impetuous spirit sweeps;
Restlessly his thoughts careering
  Over passion's stormy deeps.
Distant good his soul embraces;
  Rest to him is never given:
And his visioned bliss he chases
  Round the starry cope of heaven.

But with a look that like magic enthralls him,
Back from his wanderings woman recalls him,
Bids him the bliss of the present to share;
She in the cot of her mother so lowly,
Dwells midst employments all simple and holy,
Nature's sweet daughter, so faithful and fair.

Man, with arm each foe that crushes,
And with stern, delirious force,
On through life all wildly rushes,
Pausing never in his course:
Now uprearing, now o'erthrowing,
Still on wishes wishes tread,
Ever withering, ever growing,
Like the fabled Hydra's head.

But all undazzled by glory's bright vision,
Woman 'mid scenes of enchantment Elysian,
Plucks the sweet flowers in her pathway that throng;
Freer in her narrow circle of pleasures,
Richer than he amid learning's proud treasures,
And his spirit's wide sweep on the pinions of song.

Proud, within himself retreating,
Man's cold bosom never knows,
How, when heart with heart is beating,
Love's divinest rapture glows.
He knows not the exchange of feeling,
Not the healing balm of tears;
Life's rude scenes his stern heart steeling
'Midst the impetuous strife of years.

But as the wind-harp, when zephyr is sighing,
Tremblingly thrills to its fond touch replying,
Woman's soft bosom is feelingly true:
Tenderly touched by affliction's sad seeming,
Swells her fond heart, while her dark eye is beaming
With tears that impearl it like heaven's own dew.

In man's rude and stern dominion
Might o'er Right bears sovereign sway:
Scythia's sword prescribes opinion,
And the Persian must obey.
Still her ceaseless conflict wages
Wrathful Passion fierce and wild;
Discord's maddening tumult rages
Where the vanished Graces smiled.

But with her softly persuasive entreaty
Woman can melt the rude bosom to pity,
Quench the fierce flame that consumingly glows;
While the stern powers that have warred with each other,
Linked in sweet union, as brother with brother,
Rest 'neath her bright smile in gladsome repose.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

"Knight, a sister's fond devotion
  Yields this heart to thee;
Ask no tenderer emotion—
  That gives pain to me.
Tranquil let me view thy coming,
  Tranquil see thee go;
Why that silent tear is stealing,
  Nay, I must not know."

And he hears in speechless anguish,
  While his heartstrings bleed;
Clasps her fondly to his bosom,
  Springs upon his steed;
Summons from their Alpine regions
  All his vassal band;

And to join the sacred legions,
  Seeks the Holy Land.

There full many a deed of glory
  Wrought the warrior knight:
Fearful floats his helmet's plumage
  O'er the thickest fight.
And the Moslem learned to tremble
  At the hero's name;
Yet his heart in cureless anguish
  Nursed its secret flame.

And for one long year he's borne it,
  But can bear no more;
Peace still flies his eager footsteps,
  And he seeks the shore,
Where on Joppa's strand a vessel
  Woos the favoring gale:
Toward the land where breathes the Loved One
  Speeds with swelling sail.

Now at her own castle-portal
  List the Pilgrim's knock;

Ah! what dreadful words salute him,
  Like a thunder-shock!
"She thou seek'st is veiled for ever—
  Chosen bride of heaven;
Yester eve in solemn spousal
  She to God was given."

Now abandons he for ever
  His ancestral hall;
Neighing steed and battle trumpet
  Greet no more his call.
From the Toggenburg, descending,
  Goes he all unknown;
Round his limbs, for knightly harness,
  Sable sackcloth thrown.

And he builds his cot so lowly
  In that hallowed glade,
Where the convent's walls are gleaming
  Through the linden's shade;
Waiting from the morning's dawning
  Till the evening shone,
Hope in each mild feature beaming,
  There he sat alone;

4

Upward toward the cloister raising,
  Hour by hour, his look;
Toward the one loved window gazing,
  Till the casement shook;
Till her form he might discover;
  Till that face so mild,
Bending down with angel sweetness,
  From the lattice smiled.

Now in sleep, all soothed his sorrow,
  Calm he doth recline,
Joyful waiting till the morrow
  Soon again shall shine.
Thus for live long days remaining,
  Thus for years his look
Bent he upward uncomplaining,
  Till the casement shook;

Till her form he might discover;
  Till that face so mild,
Bending down with angel sweetness,
  From the lattice smiled.

And a corse he sat one morning
In his wonted place;
Toward the window still was turning
That pale, silent face.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.

Within a vale, mid humble swains,
  Appeared, when spring first decked the glade,
And earliest larks poured forth their strains,
  A beautiful and wondrous maid.

She was not in the valley reared;
  The region whence she came unknown;
Yet scarce her form had disappeared,
  When every trace of her was flown.

Joy followed where her steps were seen;
  All hearts expand to greet the maid;
Yet still her high and stately mien
  All free companionship forbade.

And fruits and flowers her hands convey,
  Which in more genial climates grow;
Where brighter sunlight gilds the day,
  And richer charms of nature glow.

Her gifts with all she freely shared;
  Here fruits, there flowers her hand bestows;
The youth, the old man silver-haired,
  Each gladdened by her bounty goes.

A welcome kind each guest receives;
  Yet sought a loving pair her bowers,
To them her choicest fruits she gives;
  On them bestows her loveliest flowers.

THE GERMAN MUSE.

No Augustan epoch flourished;
No Florentine's bounty nourished
German art's infantile hour:
Honor's chaplet never crowned her,
Nor with Princes' sunshine round her,
Bloomed she forth, a peerless flower.

By our greatest son neglected,
Forth she went all unprotected,
From the royal Frederic's throne:
Hence, while high their hearts are beating,
Hear her sons their boast repeating
That their praise is all their own.

Therefore springs from deeper sources,
Therefore flows in freer courses
  The rich tide of German song:
Dull restraint of rules o'erleaping,
In its native fulness sweeping
  On the heart's warm tide along.

GOETHE.

GOETHE.

THE FLOWERET WONDROUS FAIR.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT.

COUNT.

A FLOWERET wondrous fair I know,
And for it long I've pined here;
To seek it forth I'd gladly go,
But am, alas, confined here.
Not slight the pangs my heart has felt,
For when in freedom's light I dwelt,
That flower was ever near me.

My anxious gaze, each weary hour,
Still sweeps the landscape over;

Yet ne'er can I my peerless flower
  From these high walls discover.
And who shall bring it before my sight,
Or be he page, or be he knight,
  Shall be my heart's best lover.

THE ROSE.

Beneath thy lattice I blossom bright,
  And list the words thou speakest;
'Tis surely me, poor noble knight,
  'Tis me, the rose, thou seekest!
Thou bearest a lofty thought and pure;
She who reigns o'er the flowers, must sure
  Reign also in thy bosom.

COUNT.

All praise beseems thy crimson dyes,
  With thy green leaflets blended;
The maiden doth thy garland prize,
  As gold or jewels splendid.
Thou lendest a charm to the fairest face,
Yet thou art not the flower whose grace
  Calls forth my heart's devotion.

THE LILY.

The proud rose flaunts with stately crest
Her sister flowerets over;
Yet are the lily's charms confest
By many a tender lover.
Who bears a heart from falsehood free,
And is all chaste and pure like me,
Will sure hold me the dearest.

COUNT.

And chaste and pure methinks am I,
No guilty passion feeling;
Yet here in prison must I lie,
And bitter tears be stealing.
Thou art to me an image rare
Of many a maiden, pure and fair,
Yet I know a flower still dearer.

THE PINK.

That I, the pink, perchance may be,
In the warder's garden growing;
Else why should the old man tend on me,
Such ceaseless care bestowing?
With my circlet of leaves in a beautiful throng,

And perfume so sweet my whole life long,
And my thousand hues so glowing?

COUNT.

The beauteous pink one may not slight,
All honor the gardener yields her;
He sets her now in the glowing light,
Now from the sun he shields her.
Yet 'tis no nursed and gaudy flower
To sooth this anguished heart has power;
'Tis a small and silent floweret.

THE VIOLET.

Concealed and low my head I bow;
Nor e'er have gladly spoken:
And yet, methinks, 'tis time that now
My silence deep be broken.
Thou noble man, am I thy flower?
It grieves me that I have not power
To send thee up my fragrance.

COUNT.

The violet sweet—I love it well,
So fragrant and so lowly;

Yet more is needed to dispel
  My bitter melancholy.
And now the truth I'll tell you here,
Grows not on these rock-heights so drear
  The flower my heart delights in.

Yet the dearest one on earth that dwells
  By the brook below doth wander;
And many a sigh her bosom swells
  Till my chains are rent asunder.
And when she breaks a little blue flower,
And says, "Forget-me-not!"—its power
  I feel in the far off distance.

Yes, felt afar is love's holy power,
  When heart to heart is yearning;
And hence in the dungeon's darkest hour,
  Is the flame of life still burning.
And if my heart would break in twain,
"Forget-me-not!" I exclaim again,
  And I feel my life returning.

THE APPRENTICE IN MAGIC.

Gone the old wizard one good hour,
Has for once the house forsaken;
And the imps that own his power
Shall at my command awaken.
All the charms he bade me,
All his arts I know;
And with sprites to aid me
I'll work wonders too.
Hasten! hasten!
Now then stretch you!
Water fetch you,
Which, full gushing,
May forthwith into the basin
In a deep, full tide be rushing.

Come, old broom, now to your duty;
You have long been used to drudging;
Don your servant's garb, my beauty,
And at my command be trudging.
Head upon thee grow forth;
Straight on two legs stand;
Hasten now, and go forth
Water-pot in hand.
Hasten! hasten!
Now then stretch you!
Water fetch you,
Which, full gushing,
May forthwith into the basin
In a deep, full tide be rushing.

Look! down toward the bank he's hieing;
Ha! e'en now he's reach'd the current;
Back with lightning swiftness flying,
Pours he forth the gushing torrent.
See! again he's off there!
How the bath-room swells!
How each tub and trough there
He with water fills!

Stay! give over!
Bring no more in:
Ample store in
Hast thou poured now;
Woe is me! ah, I discover!
Surely I have lost the word now!

Ah, the word which sends him flying
Back to his place behind the door here!
Warmer still his work he's plying;—
Had I but the old broom once more here!
Still fresh mantling currents
Swiftly in brings he;
And a hundred torrents
'Whelm me like a sea!
No, no longer
Thus run riot;
Now be quiet.
Ha! he's spiteful!
Now my terror still grows stronger!
Heavens! his mien, his look how frightful!

Misbegotten imp of hell you!
Will you deluge the whole dwelling?

Over every step and sill you
Pour your torrents, foaming, swelling.
Broom accursed! wilt never,
Never heed my will?
Stump, that you've been ever,
Once again stand still!
Say, for ever
Wilt continue?
Now I'll pin you!
Now I'll hit you!
With my axe your frame I'll shiver!
Vile old nimble wood, I'll split you!

Soft! there comes he trailing slowly;
Now let me but once attack him,
Soon, old goblin, liest thou lowly;
See the sharp axe hit him, crack him!
Ha! 'twas struck right smart now!
See, the imp's in twain!
And I pluck up heart now,
And I breathe again!
Woe! distraction!
Scarcely parting,

Both upstarting,
Forth have driven,
Full grown imps all ripe for action!
Hear me! help me, powers of heaven!

On they speed them: through the dwelling
Pour the billows deeper, faster;
What a flood is round me swelling!
Hear my cry now, lord and master!
See him—heaven be praised—here!
Master, great's the need:
For thy sprites I've raised here,
And I can't get freed.
"Into the corner,
Broom, make haste there!
You were placed there.
Speed you faster!
Heed no more each meddling learner!
Wait the summons of the master!"

THE ERL-KING.

Who rides so late through a night so wild?
It is the father bearing his child:
The boy in his arms is closely prest
All safely and warm to his father's breast.

My son, why hid'st thou thy face so fair?
See'st thou not, father, the Erl-King there?
The crowned Erl-King with his train draws nigh:—
My son, 'tis the mist-cloud beguiles thine eye.

"Thou darling boy, come go with me;
Right beautiful plays I will play with thee;
Gay flowerets bloom in my sunny land;
There are garments of gold in my mother's hand."

My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erl-King whispers so soft in my ear?
Be quiet, be quiet, my darling child;
In dry leaves rustles the wind so wild.

"Say, wilt thou, my bright one, with me go away?
My daughters shall tend thee so fair and so gay.
My daughters the nightly dance will keep,
And rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep."

My father, my father, and see'st thou not
The Erl-king's daughters in yon dim spot?
My son, my son, 'tis the willows so gray,
That shine in the twilight's glimmering ray.

"I love thee; I'm charmed by thy features so fine,—
And since thou'rt not willing, then force makes thee mine."
My father, my father, I'm seized by his arm;
The Erl-King, father, has wrought me harm.

The father rides swiftly, his darling prest,
In anguish deep to his yearning breast.
He reaches his court with toil and dread;
But his darling boy in his arms lay dead.

KOERNER.

KOERNER.

MY FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the minstrel's fatherland?
  Where noble spirits' lightnings gleamed;
  Where Beauty's brow with garlands beamed;
  And where for all that's holiest deemed,
  The flame in hero-hearts was fann'd;
There was my fatherland!

Name ye the minstrel's fatherland!
  Now her dead sons her tears invoke;
  Now writhes she 'neath a foreign yoke;
  Once she was called the land of oak,

The Freeman's land, the German land,
Such was my fatherland!

Why weeps the minstrel's fatherland?
She weeps that 'neath the tyrant's power
The Princes of her people cower:
That holiest words have lost their power;
That none obeys her high command—
Hence weeps my fatherland!

Whom calls the minstrel's fatherland?
To her mute Gods she lifts her prayer
In thunder-tones of deep despair:
For the strong arm to do and dare,
For retribution's righteous hand,
Loud calls my fatherland!

What *will* the minstrel's fatherland?
She'll strike to earth the dastard slaves:
She'll chase the blood-hounds from her graves;
Bear free her race of free-born braves,
Or lay them free beneath the sand;—
That will my fatherland!

And *hopes* the minstrel's fatherland?
  A righteous cause her hope inspires;
  She hopes to rouse her people's fires;
  Hopes in the great God of her sires;
  Nor fails to mark the Avenger's hand;—
Hence hopes my fatherland!

COVENANT SONG,

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF DANNEBURG.

Darkly boding, sternly, grimly,
Breaks the great, the awful day;
And the blood-red sun looks dimly
Down upon our bloody way.
In one pregnant hour assembling,
Crowd a nation's fortunes vast;
And e'en now the lots are trembling,
And the iron die is cast.
Brothers, in holiest compact united,
Warned by the hour, be our solemn vow plighted,
Come life or come death, to be true to the last!

Look we back—night's raven pinion
Wide o'er shame and insult waves;

O'er our German oak's dominion
Bowed and broke by foreign slaves.
On our tongue they heaped dishonor,
And our holiest rites blasphemed;
Brothers, we have pawned our honor;
German brothers, be't redeemed.
Lo, where the flame of heaven's vengeance is burning!
Up! and its curse from our country be turning!
Up, and be freedom's lost charter redeemed!

Blessed hopes shine bright before us,
And the future's golden days;
A whole heaven of bliss hangs o'er us,
Whence fair freedom pours her rays.
Art, all bright thou reappearest!
Song, again thy raptures burn!
Love and beauty, all that's dearest,
All that's brightest, see return.—
Yet there awaits us a desperate daring;
Blood must be poured all free and unsparing:
Only in *blood* will our glory's star burn.

Now—with God—we will not falter,
Boldly meet fate's heaviest blow,

Lay our hearts on freedom's altar,
And to death unshrinking go.
Native land, for thee we'll perish;
All thy bidding will we dare;
They our bosoms fondly cherish
May thy blood-bought freedom share.
Oak of our country, grow broader and bolder!
Stretch thy proud arms o'er the spot where we moulder!
Hear, O our country, the oath that we swear!

Now your thoughts toward home's sweet treasures
Yet for one brief moment cast;
Part ye from those blooming pleasures
Which the South's fell poisons blast.
Though the silent tear be starting,
Shame shall ne'er such tears attend;
Waft them one last kiss at parting,
Then to God the Loved commend!
All the sweet lips that in prayer are awaking,
All the fond hearts that are bleeding and breaking,
Mighty Jehovah, console and defend!

Cheerly now to battle wending,
Eye and spirit heavenward turn;

Earthly life in darkness ending,
  Lo, where heavenly glories burn!
Bravely on, each gallant brother!
  Every nerve a hero prove!
Faithful hearts rejoin each other;
  Now farewell each earthly love!
Hark! where the thunders of battle are crashing!
On, where the storm of red lightning is flashing!
  Meet again in the realms above!

PRAYER IN BATTLE.



FATHER, I call to thee!
Roaring enshrouds me the din of the battle;
Round me like lightning the leaping shots rattle:
Leader of battles, I call to thee!
Father, thou lead me!

Father, thou lead me!
Lead me to victory, lead me to death:
Lord, at thy pleasure I offer my breath:
Lord, as thou wilt, so lead me!
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
As when the leaves of the Autumn are shaking,
So when the thunders of battle are breaking,

Fountain of grace, I acknowledge thee!
Father, thou bless me!

Father, thou bless me!
Into thine hand I my being resign:
Thou did'st bestow it—to take it be thine.
Living and dying, O bless me!
Father, I honor thee!

Father, I honor thee!
Not for earth's riches unsheath we the sword;
'Tis our hearths we protect; 'tis thy temples, O Lord:
So falling or conquering, I honor thee!
To thee, God, I yield me!

To thee, God, I yield me!
Round me when Death's fiery tempest is rushing,
When from my veins the red currents are gushing,
To thee, O my God, do I yield me!
Father, I call to thee!

DEPARTURE FROM LIFE.

My wound burns hot: my pale and parched lips quiver:
  I feel it in my bosom's fainter beating;
  I feel e'en now life's last brief moments fleeting:
God, as thou wilt; to thee I yield me ever.
Round me there hovered many a golden vision:
  Now their sweet tones in death's low dirges perish.—
  Courage! what this fond heart all true doth cherish,
It *must* live with me in yon realms Elysian.
That which inspired my spirit's holiest vow,
  Which woke my youthful bosom's rapturous flame,
  Be Liberty or Love its sacred name,
Like a bright seraph stands before me now,
And, as the death-shade life's horizon fills,
Bears me aloft where morn bathes heaven's empurpled
      hills.

SWORD SONG.

Sword, on my left that gleamest,
Say, why thus bright thou beamest?
It thrills my soul to view
That glance so warm and true.
Hurrah! *

"Borne by an arm all knightly—
Therefore I shine so brightly.
A freeman's weapon I;—
That fills the sword with joy."
Hurrah!

Yes, sword, all free I wield thee,
And heartiest love I yield thee;

* With each hurrah is a clattering of swords.

As to my soul allied,
As a fond trusting bride.
Hurrah!

"And I to thee and heaven
My iron-life have given.
Ah, were the love-knot tied!
When bring'st thou home thy bride?"
Hurrah!

The trumpet's festal warning
Heralds the bridal morning;
'Mid the wild cannon's din
I bring my loved one in.
Hurrah!

"O haste the blissful hour!
I feel deep passion's power.
Come, Bridegroom, take thou me;
My garland blooms for thee."
Hurrah!

Why in thy sheath dost rattle,
As panting for the battle?

Say, why thus wildly glow?
My sword, why ring'st thou so?
Hurrah!

"True, in my sheath I rattle,
All panting for the battle.
Rider, 'tis war's wild glow,
And therefore ring I so."
Hurrah!

Stay in thy chamber drearest;
What wilt thou here, my dearest?
Stay in thy narrow room:
Soon, soon I bring thee home.
Hurrah!

"Speed on, ah, speed the hour!
O, love's bright garden bower!
Where blood-red roses blow,
And death's ripe blossoms glow!"
Hurrah!

So now come forth, my treasure!
Thy rider's pride and pleasure;

Forth, my good sword, come forth!
Come to the bridal hearth.
Hurrah!

"Ha! Freedom's air again!
This mail-clad marriage-train!
How the sword's bridal rays
In the bright sun-light blaze!"
Hurrah!

Now on, ye hardy fighters!
Now on, ye German riders!
Let the bride's touch of fire
Each gallant soul inspire.
Hurrah!

First on the left, her eye
Threw maiden glances shy.
Now on the right, to heaven
The bride's full trust is given.
Hurrah!

Now clasp your bridal treasure:
Now let your lips' warm pressure

On her hot cheek abide;
Cursed who forsakes the bride!
Hurrah!

Now be the hot sword clashing!
Now be its lightnings flashing!
Morn's marriage beam pours wide;
Hurrah, thou iron bride!
Hurrah!

GOOD NIGHT.



Good night!
Let it on the weary light!
Now the day in silence closes,
Labor's toil-worn frame reposes.
Till awakes the morning light,
Good night!

Go to rest!
Weary eyes in sleep be prest.
Silence on the wide streets falleth,
Save where lone the watchman calleth;
Whispers night to each worn breast,
Go to rest!

Sweetly sleep!
Heavenly dews your senses steep!
Feels your breast love's bitter pleasures,
Let the form your bosom treasures
Brightly imaged round you sweep.
Sweetly sleep!

So good night!
Slumber till the daylight breaketh;
Slumber till another morrow
Brings another weight of sorrow.
Fear ye not—your Father waketh!
So good night!

HERDER.

HERDER.

THE FLEETING.

BLAM'ST the quickly dying measures
Of the warbling nightingale?
See, 'mid all life's fleeting pleasures,
All the fond heart's cherish'd treasures,
Ever *first* the fairest fail.

See 'mid Nature's mystic dances
Spring and morning fade away;
And the rose, as morn advances,
Born amid her dewy glances,
Fade with morn's own fading ray.

Mark how in the feathered chorus
  Soonest dies the tenderest tone.—
Love's warm dream that danced before us,
Might its ray still linger o'er us!—
  Soon, alas, its magic's flown.

And thy young cheek's radiant beaming,
  And thy heart's inspiring glow,
And thy spirit's earnest dreaming,
Round which Hope's soft light is streaming,—
  Ah, how quick, how quick they go!

Ev'n the crown of thine endeavor,
  Life's divinest, fairest art,
E'en the Muse's richest favor,—
Friend, in vain—thou chain'st it never;
  All with magic speed depart.

From heaven's sea of bliss descended
  One rich drop, to mortals lent;
Was with many a sorrow blended,
Dreams of bliss in dreams that ended,—
  Was with life's dark cloud-sea blent:

Yet ev'n in life's misty ocean,
  Still the drop is happiness:
One brief moment's rapturous drinking,
Ere we in the depths are sinking—
  'Tis an endless age of bliss.

UHLAND.

UHLAND.

TO DEATH.

Thou that through earth's garden-bowers
  Walk'st at twilight's hour so lone;
Golden fruits and blooming flowers
  Pluck'st, which God for thee hath sown;
Spare, O Death, the tender blossom
  Which to life's young rapture clings,
Nestling on the mother's bosom,
  Cradled by the song she sings.

Leave earth's hardy sons all cheery
  Battling with the wintry skies;

From the forest's depths so dreary
  Bidding life's glad accents rise.
Quench not wisdom's soul so beaming,
  Round whose sacred, sun-lit glance
Moons, in youthful radiance streaming,
  Weave for aye their mystic dance.

Gently glide, when stars are peeping,
  On thy cloud of silvery rays,
Where an aged sire is weeping
  O'er the loved of earlier days.
Speak the names so fond, so tender;
  Bear him to yon radiant spheres,
Where the eye's eternal splendor
  Ne'er is dimm'd by parting tears.

And the youth whose bosom's burning
  Was with love's sweet transports fed;
Who in passion's restless yearning
  Hath his eager arms outspread;
And for love's lost object gazes
  Toward yon star-sown plain, and weeps;—
Clasp him in thy kind embraces,
  Bear him through heaven's azure deeps:

Where that angel-form shall meet him,
  Clothed in bridal loveliness,
Which did erst in spirit greet him,
  And in spirit-tones address:
Where Spring spreads her glad dominion;
  Where the soul, renewed and young,
Ever mounts on rapture's pinion,
  Ever sings heaven's rapturous song.

THE LOST CHURCH.

THERE oft is heard, obscure and dim,
  A sound within the old wood yonder;
None knows whence swells the choral hymn,
  And scarce tradition solves the wonder.
From the lost church—so runs the lay—
  The breezes waft the wild notes over:
Once troops of pilgrims thronged the way;
  No eye can now the path discover.

Of late the forest depths I trod,
  There where no beaten path extended;
From out earth's guilt and gloom, to God
  My soul's strong yearnings had ascended.
Amidst the forest's deep repose
  Again those tones woke chiming round me:

The higher my spirit's yearnings rose,
  More deep and full they thrill'd and bound me.

So deep a spell my soul had chained,
  Each sense that sound had so suspended,
That not e'en fancy's power explained
  How my weak step so high ascended.
Methought an hundred years had flown,
  'Mid winged dreams of airy lightness;
When o'er the mist-cloud's murky throne,
  Oped a wide realm of sun-like brightness.

The heavens were all darkly blue,
  The sun all rich and warm was beaming;
And a proud Minster rose to view,
  Amid the golden radiance gleaming.
Light clouds, it seemed, enfolding raised
  It upward on their airy pinions;
Until its lofty turrets blazed
  In the broad heaven's glad dominions.

And aye the bell's rejoicing peal
  Rang echoing, quivering in the tower;

Yet mortal touch it did not feel;
  It felt the sacred tempest's power.
Methought the storm that o'er it swept
  Did all my throbbing bosom capture;
So 'neath the stately dome I stept,
  With fainting foot, and trembling rapture.

What sights, as through those halls I strode,
  I saw, can ne'er by words be painted:
All darkly clear the windows glowed
  With thousand forms of martyrs sainted.
And lo, within that wondrous light
  Each form to life's full size expanded;
A living world burst on my sight
  Of saints in holy warfare banded.

Lowly I knelt before the shrine:
  Love's holy tide my soul was swelling;
While high above, heaven's light divine
  Streamed richly through the wondrous dwelling.
And as I looked aloft once more,
  Sudden the dome's high arch had started;
Wide open flew heaven's golden door,
  And every veil in twain was parted.

And in adoring wonder bowed,
  What glorious forms with rapture filled me;
What choral minstrelsy more loud
  Than organ's tones or trumpet, thrilled me;—
For this the bard no words hath found;
  Yet who the sacred impulse feeleth,
Be't his to list the sweet, low sound,
  Which from the deep, dark forest stealeth!

THE MOUNTAIN BOY'S SONG.

The mountain shepherd boy am I;
The proudest towers beneath me lie.
Here earliest shines the opening day,
Here latest dwells its parting ray:
  I am the mountain boy!

The infant stream is cradled here,
I drink it from its fount so clear:
Down from the rock it wildly raves,
My arms receive its foaming waves:
  I am the mountain boy!

The mountain—'tis my heritage;
When wildest storms around me rage,

From north and south their fury pour,
Still swells my song above their roar.
I am the mountain boy!

Thunder and lightning are beneath,
Yet here in heaven's own blue I breathe;
I hear them, and aloud I cry:
Pass ye my father's dwelling by!
I am the mountain boy!

When on my ear the alarm bell thrills,
When blaze the fires along the hills,
Swift I descend and join the throng,
And swing my sword, and sing my song;
I am the mountain boy!

SALIS.

SALIS.

THE GRAVE.

The grave is deep and soundless;
On its brink we shuddering stand;
And its mystic shroud hangs boundless
O'er a dark and unknown land.

O, ne'er may the nightingale's singing
Pierce to its depths profound:
And love is its roses flinging
Alone on the grassy mound.

With anguish unavailing
The forsaken bride doth weep;
And the orphan's bitterest wailing
Is unheard in its chambers deep.

Yet no where else to mortals
Doth the longed for quiet come;
Alone through the tomb's dark portals
Goes the weary wanderer home.

The poor heart, in this vale of sorrow,
By the storms of life beat sore,
Lies down to a happier morrow
On the couch where it beats no more.

JACOBI.

JACOBI:

THE MOTHER.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. ANNE E. KENDRICK.

To her little earthly treasure
  Doth the mother's faithful love
Life impart and every pleasure,
  Bidding round, and then above
To the blue-arched heavens yonder
Childhood's feeble glance to wander.

Love and truth that never weary
  Guard us on her pillowing breast;

Dawns the morning e'er so dreary,
  Joyful *there* we wake from rest;
And amidst the thunder's breaking
Love's fond accents bless our waking.

Now again with angel-splendor
  Bright the silent chamber glows,
As the moonbeams pure and tender
  On her gentle brow repose:
And her kiss of quiet gladness
Cheers night's deepest hue of sadness.

On this earthly ball a stranger,
  On her breast—his only home—
Hangs the little Infant ranger,
  Until youth's wild hours are come:
And with gentle prayer and chiding
Still the mother's hand is guiding.

She who hushed wild passion's waking,
  She who oped each fount of joy,
Now with tears the staff is taking
  For her wild and wandering boy:

Trembling, with a heart all broken,
She the last farewell has spoken.

Ah, that farewell many a morrow
Sways his soul with magic power,
While she wanders, full of sorrow,
In the lonely twilight hour,
In the dark dim distance gazes,
And for him her prayer upraises.

Though in quest of fancied treasures
Wild he grasps each new delight,
Thoughtless of home's purer pleasures,
Still hope's sweet and golden light
Gently on her heart reposes,
Oft his coming form discloses.

Empty vision! disappearing
Like the rose's changing hues,
When its leaves the wind, careering,
O'er the lake, dissevered, strews:
Death's deep shadows gather o'er her;
Haste thee, youth, and stand before her.

That her dying lips may bless thee,
  That thy mother's tender arm
Fondly to her heart may press thee,
  To her heart with love so warm,
On her child's fond breast reposing,
While the last sad scene is closing.

Ah! too late! Death's icy fingers
  Those true hands have clasped for aye:
In that breast no feeling lingers:
  Haste then, youth, while yet you may,
Seek her grave,—the turf 'twill lighten,
And her tomb's deep darkness brighten.

See the well-known seat forsaken:
  Let the hearth she loved so well
Memory's holiest tears awaken,
  In its deepest chambers dwell;
O'er its flame, now faintly glowing,
Let thy grateful tears be flowing.

And if e'er thy faith should waver,
  As thou view'st man's treacherous art,

On his brow but smiles and favor,
  Hate and envy in his heart,
Think what ties of sure believing
Her deep truth is round us weaving.

Gently o'er the cradle bending,
  While she lulls her infant child,
With its soul her image blending
  Stamps for aye her spirit mild:
Hence it beats all warm to meet us,
Hence its kindly accents greet us.

He who bids the floweret flourish,
  Lowly in the quiet grove:
He who doth the cedar nourish,
  He must find his bliss in love:
Would he else love's rapturous heaven
To the mother's heart have given?

FROM THE FRENCH.



BERANGER.

BERANGER.

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

UP! friend of the Cossack! fly forth in thy might,
At the blast of our trumpet, my own noble steed!
All ready for plunder, all fearless for fight,
Let Death borrow wings from thy hurricane speed.
Neither saddle nor rein has been garnished with gold;
But the deeds of thy rider shall make them thine own:
Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold!
And trample in dust both the people and throne!

Peace flies, and surrenders thy reins to my will;
Her bulwark of strength from old Europe departs:

Then haste, let her treasures my eager hands fill;
  O haste, and repose in the home of her arts.
Return to the Seine whence fresh war-notes have rolled;
  Thrice before have its waters thy bloody steps known;
Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold!
  And trample in dust both the people and throne.

Priests, princes, and nobles, besieged by the hordes
  Of subjects not ages of wrong could subdue,
Have called to the Cossack: Come down, be our lords:
  To be tyrants to them, we'll be bondmen to you.
My lance I have seized: from their ancient strong-hold
  Shall the sceptre and cross lie before it o'erthrown;
Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold!
  And trample in dust both the people and throne.

A phantom strides near me all dreadful and vast,
  Whose terrible eyes on our bivouac rest;
And he cries: "Lo, my reign recommences at last,"
  As with hatchet uplifted he points to the west.
'Tis the chief who the Huns led to conquest of old;
  O shade of the mighty, thy mandate I own;
Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold!
  And trample in dust both the people and throne.

That splendor and pomp, Europe's glory and trust;
That learning which shields not from ruin her head,
Shall all be engulfed in those billows of dust
Which around me shall rise 'neath thy thundering tread.
Sweep, sweep them, as onward thy course thou shalt hold;
Thrones, temples, laws, rites, in one ruin be strown;
Neigh then all proudly, my courser so bold!
And trample in dust both the people and throne.

THE ALCHEMIST.

Thou wilt, thou say'st, alchemist poor and old,
From baser metals draw forth golden ore;
And what, age-worn, I long for more than gold,
By secret agents wilt my youth restore.
My purse I open to thy magic skill;
My trusting spirit deems thine art divine;
Yet each pursues his favorite object still;
Take thou the gold; let youth's blest hours be mine.

Blow then in silence on yon clear, bright flame;
Or from yon mystic page its secrets wring;
Thine art is sure: Pactolus' golden stream
Blends in thy crucible with youth's warm spring.
Thine eye fixed on this flame, what dream'st thou now?
Do the Court's smiles already on thee shine?

For me, I ask but roses round my brow:—
Take thou the gold; let youth's blest hours be mine.

Drunken with hope, what madness leads thee on!
"Monarchs," thou criest, "at my soiled feet bow down!
Gold, more than Cortez and Pizarro won
For Spain's proud lords, my subtle arts shall crown."
Thou who from alms thy scanty meals hast made,—
Now pride inflames each lofty look of thine:
Let crowns and sceptres for thy dross be weighed;—
Take thou the gold; let youth's blest hours be mine.

Yes, the bright days with all their wants restore;
Give to my soul a healthful, hardier frame;
Take from my spirit life's too dear-bought lore;
Let a more generous blood my breast inflame.
When from thy marble halls in pomp conveyed,
On velvet cushions proud thou shalt recline,
Calm see me slumber 'neath some tree's broad shade;
Take thou the gold; let youth's blest hours be mine.

Full well I know what joys on wealth attend;
Yet still I *love*, possess, and oft my fears

Wake, lest I see my all too youthful friend
  Count on her fingers mine and her own years.
'Tis the glad sun becomes her cheek so brown;
  'Tis the bright summer round our loves should shine;
My loved one heeds not fortune's smile or frown;
  Take thou the gold; let youth's blest hours be mine.

Now from the vase bring forth thy gold—what! none?
  Alas, thou'rt poorer grown, and older I:
"No, nc," thou say'st, "to-morrow's the new moon:
  To-morrow brings us immortality."
Thou liest, old man, yet still of lies so dear
  So great my need, that still I trust to thine:
On my bald brow these wrinkles see appear:
  Take thou the gold; let youth's blest hours be mine.

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

The wine sparkled bright, and the maid I adored
Sang the Gods who of old had in Hellas their seat;
And we told how old Greece in our France was restored,
When all sudden descended a dove at our feet.
My Noeris a billet descried 'neath his wing;
To some hearth-stone beloved were its tidings addressed;
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
And slumber in peace on my Noeris's breast.

Too long was his flight, and exhausted he lies;
Quick, his strength and his freedom restore to the dove:
Say, if on some message of commerce he flies,
Or bears to young beauty the fond vow of love.
Perchance to the nest that allures his fond wing
He bears the last sigh of some exile unblest:

Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
  And slumber in peace on my Noeris's breast.

From some words of the billet full well do I deem
  That 'tis destined for Greeks who sojourn 'neath our
      sky:
A message from Athens! and glory it's theme!
  Let us read it: 'tis ours by our blood's sacred tie.
Athens is free! how the tidings shall ring!
  How her laurels again in fresh beauty be dressed!
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
  And slumber in peace on my Noeris's breast.

Athens is free! fill the goblet again!
  New demi-gods, Noeris, appear in her clime!
All trembling with age did old Europe in vain
  Disinherit these sons of her glorious prime!
She conquers! all bright from the dust see her spring;
  In the shade of past glories no more shall she rest:
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
  And slumber in peace on my Noeris's breast!

Athens is free! Muse of Pindar, to thee
  Lo, the sceptre and song which of old were thy right;

Despite the barbarian, Athens is free;
  Athens is free in our sovereigns' despite.
By the nations that drink from her wisdom's pure spring,
  Be the glory of Athens in Paris confessed:
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
  And slumber in peace on my Noeris's breast.

Bright wanderer from Hellas's beautiful shore,
  Here rest thee awhile, and then fly to thy love:
And soon wafted back from thine Athens once more,
  Let our tyrants and vultures be braved by the dove.
To the tottering throne of each bigoted king,
  Bear the shouts of a people whom freedom hath
      blessed!
Drink, faithful bird, from the cup which I bring,
  And slumber in peace on my Noeris's breast!

THE SHOOTING STARS.

"SHEPHERD, thou say'st a star controls
  Our days, and shines amidst the skies:"—
Yes, child, but night her veil unrolls,
  And hides its splendor from our eyes.
"Shepherd, on you calm, azure plain
  Thou read'st, 'tis said, the secrets clear;
What is that star whose flying train
  Just shoots, and shoots to disappear?"

My son, his life a mortal ends:
  His star from heaven shoots instant down;
This one amid a train of friends
  Did with glad song the goblet crown.
Blest, by the wine he loved to drain,
  He sleeps, no more to doubt or fear;—

"Again a star whose flying train
  Just shoots, and shoots to disappear."

My son, its ray how pure and mild!
  A lovely maid departeth now;
Sweet girl, her bosom undefiled
  Had shared the tenderest lover's vow.
Flowers wreathed that brow without a stain,
  And Hymen's sacred shrine was near:—
"Again a star with flying train
  That shoots, and shoots to disappear!"

My child, its flight how quickly o'er!
  A new-born heir of rank is gone!
The cradle where he sleeps no more
  With gold and purple splendors shone.
Too soon had flattery's deadly bane
  Been poured into his princely ear:—
"Again a star with flying train,
  That shoots, and shoots to disappear."

My child, how balefully it gleamed!
  The courtier who in death lies low,

Himself a mighty statesman deemed,
  When he had learned to mock our woe.
They've rent his picture now in twain,
  Who worshipped once in servile fear:—
"Again a star with flying train,
  That shoots, and shoots to disappear."

'Tis he on whom the poor man leans;
  My son, what tears our eyes shall steep!
Want, that with others scantly gleans,
  With him did a full harvest reap.
This very eve, the child of pain
  Hasted to share his welcome cheer:—
"Again a star with flying train,
  That shoots, and shoots to disappear."

Quenched is a mighty monarch's star!
  Go, child, and keep thy spirit pure;
Nor by its brilliance seen from far,
  Let *thine* the gaze of men allure.
Mere barren splendor shines in vain:
  They'll say, as thy last hour draws near,
"'Tis but a star with flying train,
  That shoots, and shoots to disappear."

THE SWALLOWS.

Captive on the Moorish coast,
 Thus the fettered warrior sighs:
"Birds, that shun the realm of frost,
 Lo, again ye greet my eyes.
Swallows, that in hope's gay dance,
 Seek afar this burning strand,
Sure, ye leave my native France:
 Tell me of that much-loved land.

"I for three long years implore
 Some sweet memory of that home,
Where my cradled life of yore
 Dreamed of happy days to come.
Where beneath the lilacs green,
 Silvery waters tell their tale,

You my childhood's cot have seen;
  Tell me of that lowly vale.

"One of you perchance was born
  'Neath the roof that o'er me smiled;
Oft you've heard my mother mourn
  O'er her loved and long-lost child.
Dying, still in dreams she hears
  Footsteps which of old she knew;
Then afresh she pours her tears:
  Tell me of her love so true.

"Is my sister wedded yet?
  Have you seen our village throng
At her happy bridal met,
  Mingling festal dance and song?
And those youthful friends who bold
  Braved with me the hostile spear,
Do they now their homes behold?
  Tell me of those friends so dear.

"Ah, the stranger's foot abhorred
  Treads perchance their dust above;

'Neath my roof he rules as lord;
  Rudely claims my sister's love.
Me no mother's prayer awaits;
  Chains henceforth are mine below;
Swallows, speak my country's fates;
  Tell me, tell me of her woe!

THE STORM.

DEAR children, dance away!
Your tender age
Escapes the tempest's rage;
Cradled by hope so gay,
Dance, sing, and dance away!

Where these yoke-elms spread their shades,
Freed from school, a merry ring,
Little masters, little maids,
You delight to dance and sing.
Vainly grief's threatening train
Upon our poor world lowers;
The thunder growls in vain—
Wreath your bright locks with flowers.

Dear children, dance away!
Your tender age
Escapes the tempest's rage;
Cradled by hope so gay,
Dance, sing, and dance away!

Lightning cleaves the billowy cloud,
Yet it hath not met your glance;
Not a forest bird sings loud,—
Nought can still your song and dance.
Your joys inspire my hope:
Soon on those youthful eyes,
Drunken with bliss, shall ope
The light of cloudless skies.

Dear children, dance away!
Your tender age
Escapes the tempest's rage:
Cradled by hope so gay,
Dance, sing, and dance away!

Long your sires have borne their pains;
Be not ye like them betrayed;

They with one hand rent their chains,
One their country's wrongs repaid.
From victory's car they fall,
Yet heart and hand are true:
Glory—it was their all—
They still bequeath to you.

Dear children, dance away!
Your tender age
Escapes the tempest's rage:
Cradled by hope so gay,
Dance, sing, and dance away!

Ah, your eyes the light beheld
Midst the trumpet's blast of woe:
The Barbarian's clarion swelled
To proclaim our overthrow.
Midst wars wild woes and fears,
Midst our cots' smouldering piles,
You mingled with our tears
Your earliest infant smiles.

Dear children, dance away!
Your tender age
Escapes the tempest's rage:

Cradled by hope so gay,
Dance, sing, and dance away!

Storms that smote our courage dead,
Your bright spirits shall defy:
'Twas in bursting on our head,
That the lightning lit our sky.
God's wrath to us was due;
To you his love he yields;
For you he sows anew
The future's boundless fields.

Dear children, dance away!
Your tender age
Escape's the tempest's rage;
Cradled by hope so gay,
Dance, sing, and dance away!

See, the tempest grows more wild;
So our fate shall stormier grow;
Fate can ne'er disturb the child,
But the old man fears its blow.
If while our woes I sing,
Fate shall my ruin doom,

Children, your garlands bring,
  And strew them on my tomb.

Dear children, dance away!
    Your tender age
    Escapes the tempest's rage:
Cradled by hope so gay,
Dance, sing, and dance away!

THE FIFTH OF MAY.

A Spanish vessel bears me o'er the wave,
From the lone coast where late I wandered far;
Poor fragment snatched from a proud empire's grave,
I nursed my griefs 'neath India's sultry star.
Now past the cape, five years of exile o'er,
Joyous I sail beneath a milder sky:
Yes, the poor soldier sees his France once more,
A son's kind hand shall close my dying eye.

Heavens! "Saint Helena!" loud the pilot cries:
Ah! Yon rude rock beholds the hero's pains.
Generous Spaniards, here your hatred dies;
You curse with me his murderers and his chains.
Nought, nought can I his freedom to restore;
The time of glorious deaths is all gone by:

Yes, the poor soldier sees his France once more,
A son's kind hand shall close my dying eye.

Perchance he sleeps—that thunderbolt of strength,
That twenty thrones in one wild ruin hurled:
Shall he not rouse him in his wrath at length,
And rush to glory o'er a prostrate world?
No! hope expires these frowning cliffs before;
No more the eagle makes his home on high:—
Yes, the poor soldier sees his France once more,
A son's kind hand shall close my dying eye.

Long on his footsteps panting victory strives,
Wearied she sinks; he waits not her delay!
Though twice betrayed, the great man still survives;
Yet O, what serpents coil around his way!
The laurel leaf distils a deadly gore;
In victory's garland fellest poisons lie:—
Yes, the poor soldier sees his France once more,
A son's kind hand shall close my dying eye.

Floats there a wandering bark upon the main?
"'Tis he, 'tis he?" cry Potentates alarmed:

"He comes to claim his ancient world-wide reign!
  Be with all speed a million soldiers armed."
And he, perchance, to France so loved of yore,
  Loaded with chains, now breathes his last good by:—
Yes, the poor soldier sees his France once more,
  A son's kind hand shall close my dying eye.

Lofty in genius, great in conscious worth,
  Why stooped his eagle spirit to a throne?
High o'er the proudest diadems of earth,
  Majestic on this barren rock he shone.
His glory, beacon of that rocky shore,
  O'er two vast hemispheres streams broad and high:—
Yes, the poor soldier sees his France once more,
  A son's kind hand shall close my dying eye.

Kind Spaniards, say, what mark ye on the steep?
  'Tis a black flag! ye gods, avert my fear!
What! and *he* die? Ev'n Glory's self shall weep!
  His foes around me pour the generous tear!
In silence speed we from this gloomy shore;
  The star of day hastes weeping down the sky:—
Yes, the poor soldier sees his France once more,
  A son's kind hand shall close my dying eye.

8

THE IMAGINARY VOYAGE.

AUTUMN returns, and to my aching breast
  Brings griefs afresh upon its humid wing:
Timid and poor, and aye with woes oppressed,
  All pale I see the flowers of life's young spring.
Haste, from the city's filth my soul release;
  Let my eyes open on some fairer sky:
Ev'n childhood's visions hovered round old Greece;—
  'Tis there, 'tis there I'd lay me down and die.

What though I slowly trace the Homeric page?
  Greek sure I am: the Samian sage was right.
Pericles' Athens nursed my tender age:
  Socrates blessed me mid his dungeon's night.
At Phidias' wonders low I bowed the knee;
  Ilissus' banks I saw midst blossoms lie;

Woke on Hymettus' side the murmuring bee:
'Tis there, 'tis there I'd lay me down and die.

Heavens! how e'en one brief day, so pure and sweet,
Warms my cold bosom with its glowing charms!
And Freedom cries, whose form from far I greet,
"Haste, victory crowns my Thrasybulus' arms."
Quick let us sail; our canvass wide is spread;
Let me not, ocean, 'neath thy billows lie;
Peiræus' sacred shore I fain would tread;
'Tis there, 'tis there I'd lay me down and die.

'Tis passing sweet, that soft Italian air;
But slavery's glooms its azure heaven obscure:
Still let thy course stretch onward, boatman, where
Dawns in yon East a day so heavenly pure.
What are these waves? that rock so wild and drear?
What dazzling sun bursts on my ravished eye?
These shores henceforth no tyrant's voice shall hear:
'Tis there, 'tis there I'd lay me down and die.

Deign to your ports a stranger to receive,
Virgins of Athens, and his numbers own:

For your bright clime a niggard sky I leave,
  Where genius bends in bondage to the throne.
From persecution's rage my lyre defend;
  And if my song might wake some pitying sigh,
Let with Tyrtæus' dust my ashes blend;—
  'Neath your fair heaven I'd lay me down and die.

THE END.


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